

MCGILL UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES	
ACC. NO.	1010
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S^t Andrew's
June 29th 1881

My darling wife,

I wrote you a short letter late last evening thinking that it would be in time for the post this morning; which it was not, as the post leaves earlier than I fore. Your letter of Saturday and Sunday has been forwarded to me from Montreal and, dear, I am delighted to get it. You must not, however stand in ~~for~~ such dreadful awe of your mother. It is far more important that you should get a good rest than that the house and garden should be attended to.

You know perfectly well that if you do everything before your mother goes down, she will only take it out in tea-parties, as she seems incapable of taking rest and quiet like ordinary mortals. I suppose it would be a good thing for the world if there were more people like her, but for all that I say dear rest all you possibly can.

I think you could not help resting if were here, it is so very quiet. I have done a little writing ^{to-day} but finally had to take a nap this afternoon as I could keep awake no longer. Had the weather been fine I should probably have gone for a walk or a drive ~~there~~

but it has been so showery that I have not ventured out. [My father proposes an expedition to the back country on Dominion Day to search for minerals there and possibly we may go although little has been said about it as yet.]

Mary returned from Como to-day and says that Mr Pitt was quite irate at me for not stopping on my way up. I thought of doing so, but feared their house might be full as they constantly have visitors.

We have strawberries three times a ~~the~~ day (from the garden), and delicious they are especially as they

are accompanied by un-
mistakable cream.

Wild Strawberries are also
ripe but owing to drought
are not plentiful.

I know that I am
sending you very stupid
letters darling; but I am
hoping to feel less stupid my-
self in a few days and
will try to write more co-
herently then.

Tell Eric that I am delighted
to hear about the robin's nest
and hope that he will not
let any harm come to the
little robins. How much
I miss you and the little
ones I cannot tell you, but
dearest, I suppose our separation
is for the best.

Your loving old husband
Bernard
